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Shadow



7 0 2

Chapter 1 by CarlosAndTheHelmet

Shadow

Prologue

As me, Jake Lee, I felt the days grew longer, I grew reckless, as the days darkened, faded into night, I grew angry. The raging monster was coming out. The ones who fought against us, would pay. People saw me as a beast, who roamed the streets, looking for a fight. I saw myself as an ideal of hope. No one else can see my vision. They can not understand that I fight for them, I fight risking my life, for them. So they can not live the fate that my parents suffered, to keep the others I love... safe. With my newfound hatred from the police, they call me the Killer Shadow, I am not a killer, but I hide the the dark shadows. So they have given me a name, Shadow. The life of a hero, or a freedom fighter, as I call myself, never gets love, happiness, and... a life. Every night I risk my life for every person who lives in this city. And I will always be on their side, fighting for them.

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Chapter 1

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I sat at the edge of my seat, reading a paperback about how the world is corrupt and needs to be saved, the book filled my mind about all of the author's ideas. I never thought that this book would inspire me this much. I began to lose papers, lose weight, this book taught me things. Class, dinner, every hour of the day, my face was in this book. I wanted nothing but this flimsy paperback. All my dreams were on this book. Father disapproved of the book. Once I had finished the book, I decided to look around and see the real world and its corrupt ways. I was amazed at what I saw. I saw crime, foolish ideas, crazy thoughts, reckless actions being done all around me. I thought to myself, this world will burn if this recklessness continues. No one else saw in my vision, only the great could see my vision and the only people who saw my vision as well, were the people who worked at Linch Technologies. With their advances in power sources, and with their breakthrough with environmental safety. I look up to the company that changed the ways of everyone. Everything was going amazing, to top my week off, I have gotten a job working for Linch Tech and will be fulfilling my dream to try to save the world. As they have said, things are finally going my way.

Chapter 2

I was cleaning my room getting ready for a night out with my fellow co-workers, until... I heard a loud bang downstairs. Screams all over the house. I ran down the stairs, but I was too late. Mother, father, gone. I went to them, I saw my mother, father was beaten and stabbed, mother, shot. He still had

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"When the double x strikes at two, fight the city, when they start to fight you," he died that moment.

The funeral was sad, two people were there, they left though, I stood there wondering, why, I could have helped. I should have helped. The murderer will pay, I will make him pay. The day passed as if the time sped itself up. I started to read that book I had always had. I threw it aside. I thought to myself, I never wanted this, I will make them pay, forever. That is when the Shadow was born, not out of love or pain, from fire, from hate.

Later that Night

I rushed to my drawer, picked up every piece of black clothing I had. I ended up grabbing a black T-shirt, black jeans that were worn so that I have easier mobility, my black Nikes, black gloves, winter hat, and black shades. Since I was moved to my uncle's house when my parents died, it was a little harder to get around. Pitch black, I grabbed my phone and darted out of the door. I did not want to alarm anyone so I went on foot. I was enraged. I needed to fight. Time to fight. I stayed in the shadows, moving around in back alleys where I hoped to find crime of danger of some sort I could fight. I don't think anyone noticed me, or at least thought I was a mugger and just avoided me. I came to a halt, dead end. I noticed that there was a fire escape, I thought it would alarm people of a criminal trying to steal their stuff if they saw me, so I stayed quiet. I climbed the fire escape up onto the top of a building. I walked to southeast part of the roof. Sitting there I pulled out my phone. I swiped my phone until I came to an application for a police scanner. I turned it on, I waited at least an hour, nothing but calls about food. Until that one call. A robbery had just taken place. I heard the sirens. The man was supposedly roaming to back alleys, where I was at. So I thought, heh, my first fight.

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Chapter 3

It was time, time to fight, I raced around every corner, I was running over garbage cans, and hitting dumpsters, but it did not matter. I was going to catch this man. People now were noticing me, running away from me. My anger to let out my rage got the best of me. Now the police were after me now. My anger went down and my other senses started to become more aware. I realized that I was being pursued. So I dashed into the alley where I jumped onto the fire escape and climbed up onto the roof top. Although I know that it is a matter of minutes that they find me. I make a fast decision, and a dumb one. I scale the building, and do a decent job at it. I only hurt some of my bones. Once I am down there I run into the street, once I am out I am back into the shadows. I began to run in an unknown direction. I turn back on my police scanner to see where the burglar was located, but he was already apprehended.

I returned home, I walked up to my doorpost. I was hoping nothing had happened while I was gone. But just in case, I removed my suit, or my black clothes. Now in sweatpants and a green shirt. I stepped into my house, with my feet ever so slightly sliding across the floor, when... my grandpa, turned on the lamp post inside my living room. He sat on the couch, he had a stern look on his face. His face, filled with anger. He was trying to find the words to say. But, what was there to say, he was speechless. Now that I think of it, I was speechless as well. He finally found the words he was looking for, and I knew what they were, what would come out of his mouth.

"Boy, what were you THINKING! I wanted to see if you were alright staying here, I know you want to be like your dad, but-"

"Like my dad, what did my dad ever do?" I asked, wanting so desperately what those answers were.

"Something you couldn't even begin to comprehend. Your life is just like his, once you go down that road... you'll never come back," he said very angry. He went on about how I should never

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Chapter 4

As light dawned on my homestead, I took it upon myself to get back to my regular routine, work, school, and the worse of it... my make up work. It slipped into a red shirt, blue jeans, and a black baseball cap. I grabbed my bookbag, and before leaving my room, my eyes glimpsed upon my father's picture, I smiled, and ran out the door.

My 3rd period Physics teacher made his class interesting, I could have gone without that book if I had just listened to him. His words were profound, and when his class was done, I picked up my books and started towards the door. On my way out, he call my name,

“Jacob, was it. I don’t know if you father ever spoke of me, but we were close colleagues, close friends. Come over today Jacob, I want to see if your father's genius passed down to you.” I gladly accepted the invitation to his house, and gladly showed up. His house was amazing, his floor was tiled with smooth, wooden-like, and shiny. His kitchen counter was had a polished finish of granite. I took the time to study the walls as well, a painted design, covered with dragons and fire. It seemed to burst out of the walls. I stopped to follow my father’s friend. I told him I had not yet caught his name. Peter, Peter Zimmer. I had made his acquaintance. He walked me to his living room. It was lined with golden strings that covered the entire wall. He went on about his theories about advanced robotic super suits. I could not understand what he was

saying, ALL, ALL. So I just changed the subject. I asked him about my father.

“My father, he worked with you.”

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“Yes, why are you asking?”

“I found one of these files.”

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“Did your father hear of the Avengers, he wanted to have the same thing over here. He wanted to make it better than

them, a perfected version of them, hopefully keep them from dropping cities in Sacovia.”

“That file, was a real piece of work your father put together,” he looked down and licked his lips, “I never found out what it really was,” Peter said.

“And I still don’t even know what it really is, when a hacker by the name, Code. He hacked the online file that your father had locked. I managed to save part of the file, at least the part that you have, the part that he needed to succeed, but without the last piece, he could not understand what it actually meant. Even still with your piece, you will never understand it without the other piece.” Silence fill the dimly lit room. I looked at the clock. 4 pm, with me looking at the clock, Peter looked as well.

“Kid, it is time for you to head out of here,” he said will taking my empty glass of water off the table. I got up, and while leaving I saw a picture of him, and my father.

“Kid, escort yourself out, I am going to my basement laboratory,” Peter said going down into the dark and eerie basement. My attention turned towards the picture, the picture of my father. I tucked the photo into my jacket, I then let myself out, but with a stolen item. I thought about what I did, I felt, guilty, strange, I didn’t want to do that, but... I felt as if I had too.

Chapter 5

I had returned home to my old and rickety house. My uncle was in my room, studying the picture I swiped from Peter. When I saw the picture at first, I thought I saw something unusual about it, something strange about the photo. I saw something, different, I don’t know what it was, if it was a manufacturing problem, or it was... something else. I looked closer, it was hard to see but I... saw nothing... nothing. I just set it aside, walking out of door, forgetting about the photo.

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Code, who is that, I thought. These were the thoughts that came to mind. I just... well could not leave that thought. Even though I tried and tried to stop thinking about, but I... just couldn't. I felt like I was about to puke. I could not stop thinking about the action. I started to calm down, I mean, I am acting all crazy about a little photo. I could not believe what was happening. If I could not keep my anxiety inside my soul, I could not survive high school. Instead of keep on going with that feeling, I just... stopped thinking about it. This time I will start thinking about other things. Like... the Enforcers file.

Chapter 6

I was on a expedition, a quest you could call it. To my workplace, Linch Tech, it took all of my energy to go back. My fellow colleagues, they overwhelmed me, but I kept myself together. So that is how my quest began. I walked down the grey hallway, viewing all the technology. Nanobots, mech-suits, everything I saw was more advanced than I had ever could have ever made. I walked into Nanorobotics section of the tower. The section of the building was packed. I was barely getting into the main center of the section. My file was slipping, so I tucked it back into my jacket. The file was my guide to my father's old office, that I hoped would still be empty. My father, I did not know him enough to give a full biography about him. All I know that he was going to change the world. But the thought soon faded from my now already occupied mind.

The quest was more important, more important than anything. As I walked along the very crowded section center, I noticed

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I could not afford to run in the whole mission. I spotted the office. So close. I could just touch the door. Peter was getting closer and closer. I had

to move and fast. I pushed my way through the crowd. Hitting everyone that I passed. People were getting their items over as I passed. I glanced once more at Peter. His eyes were attracted over where I was. Ten feet, that was it. So close, so close to my father's old office. Peter was now only a couple feet away, along with the office. I was running now.

"HEY!" a man said getting pushed over and dropping all his files. I was at the bottom of the steps that led up to the office. So close, so very close. I could simply just walk up the stairs, I felt a hand. A jolt of energy burst through my body. Fear went through head, I was frozen. I could not move. A face appeared in front of my face. I knew who it would be, it was Peter.

"My boy, how are you doing." Peter paused.

"Wait, how did you get in here? How could have gotten in here without Mecko-Pass into the section?" Peter asked. I started to ask myself the same question. How did I get in here? I thought if I could come up with a crap answer, I could use it to try to get Peter to buy it.

"Um, well it is just in my pocket, here let me show you," I reached into my pocket and pretended that there was nothing there, and to my convenience, my pocket had a hole in it. And now that I think of it, how could have that happened. The day I need to make up a fake story that needs me to have a pair of pants, with a hole in it... it happens. I pulled my hand out of my pants. I showed a face that gave the illusion that my pass fell out of my pants.

"It seems to have fallen out of my jeans," I said.

"Oh, well come with me when they start to check passes, I will say you are with me," Peter said. A grin broke across my face and we parted our ways. Now back to my mission. I walked up the stairs. All I had to do was take hold of the door knob. But just as I reached to open the door, I saw words on the door. Mr. Carlton's Office. No... someone was already moved into his office. I failed, I let myself down, I let father down. I walked down the stairs, I knew that breaking into tears would not help, I had already become too much of a sad sack of mixed emotions. I need another plan. A better one, I needed to expand my team, well I need to make a team. And I knew just the person.

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The city darkened. Faded into darkness. As if everything evil had come out from their cave, and was ready to strike. But the monster that was inside me would not be coming out tonight.

Billy, Billy Bob. Funny name, I know. When I met him I think I burst out laughing. Little nerdy kid was always ahead of the others. And he came in when we just started to learn division. At that time he was a hero, the person who would help them get this horrible trial you must do in life... math. You may think he was a nerd who got picked on all his school years. But at that time, he made a huge impact on our learning. When everyone was bawling their eyes out, he was ruling the school, until we started learning lines of symmetry. And that is when he became the class loser. But how did we become best of friends, and it's simple. He tutored me. We became the best of friends, just us against the world. But how were we separated. That I do not know. But I would soon find out. I would soon reunite with my old friend.

I saw the apartment building he lived in with his grandparents. The building was an old brick built building that looked as if it would fall over any minute. As I walked inside the building, the first thing I noticed, was the smell. It had a horrible odor, it seemed like a mix of rotten eggs and barf. The wallpaper was a green, decorated, and ripped up piece of work. And to top it off, a huge sewer rat ran across my foot. And when I mean huge, I mean jumbo size. My bathroom was cleaner than this place. I did not know where Billy was, even if he was here, but I knew he probably was. A man with a grey hair and a green and stained suit.

“Sir, um, is Billy Joe here by any chance?” I said. The old man turned around and grabbed keys to

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knocked on the wooden door. At first, I thought he was not home when I first knocked. So I knocked again, I heard a noise that time. Something fell over the, well that is what I thought I heard. But I soon knew it was a person when they yelled when I knocked a third time. The person walked over to door and opened it. A bearded man, or teenager, or... bear, I didn't really know at the time, but let's just say it was Billy, I think.

"What, what, oh my gosh, Jake?" Billy said. He was bewildered, as was I.

"In the flesh," I pronounced. He paused for a moment, I guess he was just checking that I was not a robot or something.

"Man, it's been, years. Come in, come in," he said motioning me to come inside his apartment. And when I said that the lobby was disgusting, this is worse. Garbage littered the floor of the apartment, water stains covered the ceiling. He led me to sit on his couch.

"Water?" Billy said. I nodded my head. He went over to his kitchen. He came back with a glass of water. I grasped the glass of water in my hands. I did not drink the beverage because I think I saw a dead cockroach floating in it.

"I think I'll pass," I said setting the glass on the table.

"Okay Jake, what did you really come here for?" Billy asked anxiously.

"I need your help," I said.

"You mean like the help I gave you when you tricked me into robbing that bank!" Billy yelled.

"I thought we put that behind us," I said in a silent voice.

"Well I guess old wounds never heal," Billy said. He took a chance to stare at me with a evil glare.

"Billy, times have changed. I need your smarts, the world could change if I had your help." Billy looked down, he waited four more seconds before opening his mouth.

"Jake," he paused, "get out," he lifted his hand to leave. I did not want to anger him, so I did as he said. I left. As he closed the old and creaky door, I slipped the Enforcers file under the door. I heard him pick it up. I waited a few seconds, and as I predicted, the door opened again.

"Jake, let's talk,"

Chapter 9

Billy sat me down onto his seat where I was previously seated. As he sat down right next to me, he opened the file and glanced in it. "Not all of it is in there," Billy said. "The other pieces of the file are in the other pieces are," I said in a low voice.

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"Well Jake, I may know where we can get another one," My eyebrows lowered in confusion, and curiosity.

"Jake, have you ever heard of the Multiverse?" I shook my head.

"Yeah that's what I thought. The Multiverse is a... well it is an infinite realm of being or potential being of which the universe is regarded as a part or instance."

"Come again?" I said because I was very confused.

"Okay, let me simplify this for you, it is a realm of infinite universes. Although it was only a theory. But I have proven that wrong. Since I dropped out of school, not like I really ever needed it," he mumbled.

"I have come up with an equation that mathematically proves... the existence of the multiverse. With this breakthrough, I also found a way to make pathways, or breaches as I call them, into these other universes, and we can use this to get another version of the other pieces of file. But I do not have the most advanced technology in my grasp, as you can see," Billy said spreading his arms out to show me that he did not have the best technology in his apartment.

"The only place I know that has the right technology is Linch Tech. But I don't know how I will ever get it." Billy said in doubt.

"Well I guess this is your lucky day, I work for them," I said in a proud voice.

"And how in heck do you think you can get the right piece of technology, which is a Hydro-Dark Matter Compressor. Which is located in the most highly secured part of the whole entire building, how Jake, HOW!" Billy yelled completely doubting that I could ever pull it off.

"I got my ways," I said while smirking at him. Billy took in a huge gulp of air.

"I can't believe I'm saying this, but... go ahead with your plan." Billy said letting out a huge puff of carbon dioxide. Now I was on a new mission, a plan to give Linch Tech a visit from the vigilante.

Chapter 10

I left his house faster than lightning, I was kind of surprised I was this excited to suit up again. Although my last time I suited up, it was a... failure. I thought i was ready to infiltrate the business I worked for. And I knew if I ever got captured, my life would be over. So I had to be completely ready for everything, anything. I first turned on my TV to see what was happening in the outside world before I left because they usually always have something about Linch Tech on

the news. And I was so surprised something was on about a guy who was a wizard or something named Crossguard. But since now I was on a mission, I just left early. On my way to Linch Tech.

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They cold air filled my lungs as I sprinted down the back alleys. The cold air was pushing me to get out of it, pushing me to go on. As I was running, I noticed that I was almost there. Almost to my destination. So that is what really what kept me running. The pain of wanting answers so badly, pushed me to go forward. Everything led up to this moment. And now, I was finally there, my path way, my path to finding what the Enforcers really are. I went into a back alley and waited for one of my colleagues to try to walk inside to take his night shift to keep an eye on the dark matter compressor. But I would not let that happen. I waited until he was right where I was, then I grabbed his shirt and knocked his head into the brick wall, taking his phone, texting the person who he was texting that he was not showing up that night. I swiftly let go of his phone and changed into my work clothes. Now I was ready, go time.

Chapter 11

As I walked inside the building, people stared at me, confused. But I just kept walking in the direction of my work area. I heard the mumbles, the confusion, I just had to stay calm, relaxed, but I did not know if I could do that. I walked myself over to my desk and picked up some papers, pretending to do something related to work. I was sort of scared, I jumped when my coworker tapped me on the shoulder.

“Mr. Lee, it’s late, how did your relatives let you come over here?”

“Um... they just let me I guess, for some reason,” I said in a suspicious voice. He left with a weird look on his face. So now I guess that I should stay away from him. I peered out of my working

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now had bloody knuckles. Blood gushed from my hand. I ripped off a piece of fabric from my shirt to wrap it around my wound. Once I finished wrapping up my hand. I pulled myself up into the air vent.

The air was hot, I was sweating from head to toe. I was about to pass out. All I could see was black, with some light shining up from rooms every so often. I did not know where I was going. I had not thought this through, maybe I was not meant to do this, maybe that book I would always read was... was... just not for me. No, this was for me, to fight, the book never told me anything, this was me. So I went on. Although this thought left my body because came to a halt. I came to a dead end. No, this can't be it. Wait there is a room under me, I will have to take off from here, I thought. I started to kick the vent open, the heat was so bad, I was kicking the vent so hard because of this. The kicked the vent open, I felt a burst of cool air. The room seemed to be much cooler than in the vent, weird. I searched the room, it was someone's office. I walked to the door to see if it was locked, it was. As I walked back into the center of the office, my phone buzzed. I had gotten at least 8 text messages from my coworker Bob.

Bob: Jake, where the heck are you?

Bob: Jake, I am looking for you, you better answer freaking show up!

Bob: Where in heck are you we have been looking for you everywhere.

Bob: Jake this is not funny, where are you?

Bob: Checked everywhere Jake, where are you?

Bob: Are you going to show up you freaking jerk!?!

Bob: This has gotten out of control, show up!

Then the last text from his shook me because of the very words that he put into them.

Bob: We are going to start checking the south side of the building now.

That is what scared me, I was at the south side of the building. I texted him back so he would not keep bugging me and so I could get back to my mission.

Jake: Bob, I had to leave, my aunt and uncle needed me to come home and finish painting the house with them.

Bob: Oh, I am calling of the search party, night boy.

I was very relieved to know that I was no longer be searched for. The air started to heat up

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camera's were out, I connected the Trojan disrupter that messed up the signal tower signal strength. I set another piece of tech that connected Billy with the every file and control Linch Tech ever had.

Chapter 12

With Billy at hand with all of the building controls. I slipped passed the security and into 100 yards until I got to dark-matter compressor. The plan had only one flaw, I could not get passed the laser grid that protected the machine. I thought Billy would have gotten it disabled by now. I called up Billy to see what was happening.

"Billy, what's going on, the laser grid is still on,"

"This system has been easy to hack through, but it is hard to hack the laser grid file, it is something that looks like it came out of final fantasy or something," Bill said in shock of how complicated the system was.

"It looks like frigging Albert frigging Einstein made it!" He was angry that I would not be able to finish my mission.

"Billy, let me do my magic,"

"I got a bad feeling about this," Billy said taking a big gulp of air.

I could not get through the main entrance, so I had to get in there with a distraction. I set up a Trojan dis-rupture to mess up the computers that control the grid. It will not turn them off, but it will give me a chance to get inside the computer room.

The Trojan worked. Workers came to fix the room, so I took my chance to attack. I took my chance to fight. I took them all out, every single one of them. Now that I had gotten the problem out of the way, I turned off the grid, I got out of the room, I walked inside the area. I thought I

would be excited to be there, but I wasn't. Someone had beat me to the compressor, a man in a black cloak. He held the compressor and I broke out him. That was not something that I did not feel good about. He did something at me. I could see was code, code, he was back.

To be continued

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